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Therefore, the old rule of prescribing classics for all, and nothing except classics, was a mistake that no one now defends and that will not be repeated; but it is an even greater mistake to drop Greek altogether, as most of the secondary schools have done, and to be hostile or indifferent to Latin, as too many of them are. For those whom the ancient languages and literature attract, there should be ample and generous provision.

Is there any keener or purer intellectual delight than that which scholars find in studying the masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature? Whether it be poetry, drama, history or philosophy, those works are pre-eminent in the indefinable quality that we call style. No translation can absorb the flavor of such literature. No translator is ever satisfied with his own version. He feels what those literary masters succeeded in saying, but he cannot put the ideas into words of his own language that will enable others to feel it as he does.

There is still room in the world for scholars—there will always be need of them. Without them there cannot be intellectual progress. Sooner or later the mistake of denying facilities for making them will be perceived and remedied.

### ON TRANSLATING HORACE

Horace has, perhaps, attracted more English translators than any other Latin poet. Few indeed are his readers (even those of the class-room) who do not feel at some time a voluntary impulse toward making a written version of a favorite ode. Persons of every class and temperament have not only succumbed to this impulse, but have even entrusted to print its results. Among their numerous ranks may be found famous literati so diverse as Sir Philip Sidney and Dean Swift, Ben Jonson and William Cowper; famous statesmen, such as Gladstone and Warren Hastings; men not famous at all. They present an interesting example of the tendency of humankind to fly in the face of principles which it freely accepts and acknowledges. Every one of them, probably, would agree to the dictum of Shelley<sup>1</sup> (himself an offender) concerning "the vanity of translation"—a dictum which states wisely and beautifully the idea we express blunderingly and on the whole untruthfully when we say that it is impossible to dissociate form and content. Nay, they will go farther, and, if they write prefaces to their translations, will almost inevitably declare that Horace is, owing to certain characteristics, even more untranslatable than most poets. I suppose any translator would admit this fact; indeed, he usually takes it into account in his preface, if he have one, and gives it as his reason for adopting some particular method of procedure. And in the vast majority of cases it leads him to translate Horace into verse. Conington, for example, frequently said to be on the whole the most successful renderer of Horace, sets down as the first requisite of a translation "some kind of metrical conformity to <the> original".

<sup>1</sup>In *A Defense of Poetry*: "It were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible that you might discover the formal principles of its color and odor, as seek to transfuse from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring again from its seed, or it will bear no flower—and this is the burthen of the curse of Babel".

This is without doubt a worthy ideal; but it has one serious disadvantage—the absolute impossibility of attainment. It is safe, I think, to say that there is no English meter which at all conforms to a Horatian meter, even aside from the vexed question of accent versus quantity. Conington defends his point in more detail than do some of his fellow-translators; but, when we turn to his own practice, we find that the only resemblances his translation of the Sapphic strophe, for instance, with its iambic tetrameters varied by a shorter fourth verse, bears to Horace are the equal number of lines (of which he makes a great deal in his Introduction), and a sort of similarity in appearance on the printed page. The last point applies equally well to Keats's *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, than which we can imagine nothing more un-Horatian in sound. Surely it would be shutting our eyes to the real significance of the phrase to allow that such minor resemblances as these constitute metrical conformity! Meter is always a thing to be heard, not seen.

Let us take an example from a poet who was doubly blessed in having both native genius and an excellent classical training. Tennyson wrote of *The Daisy*: "In a meter which I invented, representing in some measure the grandest of meters, the Horatian *Alcaic*". Here, then, if at all, we might expect some kind of conformity—some similarity of effect. But we are, it seems to me, disappointed. Tennyson's stanza is very musical and beautiful—

O love, what hours were thine and mine,  
In lands of palm and southern pine;  
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,  
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine;

but it is difficult to get from it an impression in any wise similar to that gained from Horace's

Velox amoenum saepe Lucretilem  
mutat Lycaeo Faunus et igneam  
defendit aestatem capillis  
usque meis pluviosque ventos.

(I purposely select a stanza not very different in mood from that of Tennyson). There is, it appears, in the Tennysonian measure no room for the stateliness which the inventor himself recognizes as a frequent quality of Horace's *Alcaics*; and its easy flow does not readily lend itself to terse, even epigrammatic, expressions, such as the Horatian

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

or

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,

and so on. It is open to question whether many would have guessed that Tennyson's meter was inspired by Horace, had it not been for his note.

The greatest English poet to put his name to a metrical version of Horace is without doubt Milton, whose fine translation of *Odes* 1.5 has been highly and deservedly praised. It is "Rendred . . . according to the Latin measure", says the translator; and I think we must admit that

<sup>2</sup>See Hallam Tennyson, Alfred Lord Tennyson, 2.377.

What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odors,  
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair?

more nearly approaches the goal of "some kind of metrical conformity" to

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
Cui flavam religas comam?

than is the case with most renditions. Yet even here the gulf is too wide to leap. To comment on only the most obvious divergence, in this translation, good as it is, the accented syllables do not correspond in position to the long syllables of the original. Milton's lines are iambic; in the first line, for instance, the accent falls on the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth syllables. But these are by no means Horace's long syllables.

There is another suggestion concerning meter, discussed pro and con so often and so fiercely that one hesitates to bring it up again: the possibility of using the Latin meters in English. But in spite of much persevering effort in this field by many poets, experience seems to show that Latin verse forms, especially the lyric, do not flourish in the climate of our language. There are exceptions, of course—notably some of Swinburne's experiments, as for instance his Choriambics:

What strange faces of dreams, voices that called,  
hands that were raised to wave,  
Lured or led thee, alas, out of the sun, down to  
the sunless grave?

or Tennyson's Alcaics:

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,  
O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,  
God-gifted organ-voice of England,  
Milton, a name to resound for ages!

Even these, however, have a foreign sound to our ears, as though the words belonged in some other mould. Moreover, they are not really like the Latin forms. Tennyson is careful to point out, "My Alcaics are not intended for Horatian Alcaics". The scope of this paper forbids a minute discussion of the differences the reader of both Latin and English cannot but feel; let me refer in passing, however, to Calverley's careful analysis of them in his essay *On Metrical Translation*.

But, were we to stop at this point, we should have got nowhere. We may agree, on the strength of the evidence presented, that the form of Horace cannot be reproduced or imitated in English verse; yet neither can it, in all conscience, in prose! Thus far, then, verse and prose translations stand on an equal footing, verse being, if anything, a trifle in the lead, since it is usually the more agreeable medium.

There are, however, further counts against verse; and the first of these is lack of exactness. By exactness, let it be noted, is not meant absolute faithfulness to the order of words and the idiom of the original, which would of course be impossible in any English version; but rather the transfer of Horace's idea to us in words

and idiom that shall not impress us as quaint or foreign, yet shall convey to us what Horace actually said. For instance, we do not want *redeunt iam gramina campis arboribusque comac* rendered literally as 'return now grasses to the fields and to the trees leaves'; but neither do we want to read it after Dr. Samuel Johnson as

The fields and woods, behold, are green,

when what it really says is, 'Now grass comes back to the fields and foliage to the trees'.

The very best verse translations must, in the nature of things, sin in this way. One cannot at the same time observe the conventions of the verse-form one has chosen, and use all the ideas of the poet and only his ideas, and see to it that the result is intelligible, even pleasing: this threefold effort is too much for mortal man, or has been up to the present time. And, since failures in the first and third requirements are the ones most immediately obvious to the reader, it is the second—the sense—that suffers. Take the Miltonic translation already quoted, which is as nearly faithful as verse rendition can be: in the first stanza alone we find *multa in rosa* appearing as "on roses", with the adjective nowhere to be found, while the single line

Cui flavam religas comam?

is expanded into

For whom bind'st thou  
In wreaths thy golden hair?

These are, to be sure, small points; but they are worthy of notice as being the sort of thing that even the genius and the care of Milton could not avoid, and that, usually in much greater measure, interfere with the accuracy of all metrical translations.

It will be worth our while to examine, in this connection, several renditions into verse of a single ode. I choose, for the sake of its brevity and familiarity, 3.13:

O fons Bandusiae splendorum vitro,  
dulci digne mero non sine floribus,  
cras donaberis haedo,  
cui frons turgida cornibus  
primis et venerem et proelia destinat,  
frustra, nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
rubro sanguine rivos  
lascivi suboles gregis.  
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae  
nescit tangere, tu frigus amabile  
fessis vomere tauris  
praebes et pecori vago.  
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,  
me dicente cavis inpositam ilicem  
saxis, unde loquaces  
lymphae desiliunt tuae.

Let us compare with this, not such obviously far-fetched English versions as the eighteenth-century one beginning<sup>a</sup>

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,  
Bandusian fount!

but translations that have been admired and acclaimed

<sup>a</sup>J. Warton (1776).

excellent by competent critics. We may take first Conington's rendition:

Bandusia's fount, in clearness crystalline,  
O worthy of the wine, the flowers we vow!  
To-morrow shall be thine  
A kid, whose crescent brow  
Is sprouting all for love and victory.  
In vain: his warm red blood, so early stirr'd,  
Thy gelid stream shall dye,  
Child of the wanton herd.  
Thee the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired,  
Forbears to touch: sweet cool thy waters yield  
To ox with ploughing tired,  
And lazy sheep afield.  
Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence  
'Mid honor'd founts, while I the ilex sing  
Crowning the cavern, whence  
Thy babbling wavelets spring.

Here the translator has kept to the same number of lines as his original. Moreover, he has observed the Horatian arrangement of material within the several stanzas. But what has he sacrificed for this? One hardly knows where to begin to answer this question, and the answer must inevitably be only partial. In the first line, "in clearness crystalline" is not at all the same thing as *splendidior vitro*; the concreteness of the image is entirely gone. In the last stanza there is a good deal of difference between Conington's "Thou too one day shalt win proud eminence 'mid honor'd founts" and Horace's *Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium*; the former has a sort of pretentiousness wholly foreign to the latter, which, like the entire poem, is extremely simple. Horace knew how to fit his expression to his subject; he would not have disfigured a little pastoral poem about a favorite spring on his farm with "proud eminence"—a phrase which he might have used in one of the odes in praise of Augustus. Moreover, Conington, in order to observe his meter, has had to add several words not to be found in the original. "warm red blood", "lazy sheep"—where are these adjectives? "so early stirr'd" is wanting in the Latin. And to translate *flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae* by "the fierce Sirian star, to madness fired" is hardly admissible, even if we overlook the dubious adjectival use of the name of Sirius.

Let us pass on to another popular version—that of Sir Theodore Martin:

O fountain of Bandusia's dell,  
Than crystal clearer, that of wine  
Art worthy, and of flowers as well,  
To-morrow shall be thine  
A kid, whose horns just budding, dream  
Of love and battles both! In vain!  
For the young rake thy gelid stream  
With ruddy gore shall stain.  
'Gainst flaming Sirius' fury thou  
Art proof, and grateful cool dost yield  
To oxen wearied with the plough,  
And flocks that range afield.  
Thou too shalt rank with springs renowned,  
I singing, how from umbrage deep  
Of caverned rocks, with ilex crowned,  
Thy babbling waters leap.

Here again the first line gives us pause. "fountain of Bandusia's dell"—what has *dell* to do with it, and what is Bandusia, anyhow, that it has a dell? We have heretofore (that is, in reading Horace) thought of it as the name of the spring; and the Classical Dictionaries seem to lend support to this opinion. We go on, passing over some questionable places; but we are obliged to stop when we come to "A kid, whose horns just budding, dream of love", and wonder how a kid's horns could dream of anything. Horace says nothing whatever of dreaming; his words may be literally rendered, 'a kid whose front just swelling with its first horns foretells love and fighting'—which is rather different. Nor can we accept "young rake", with its reminiscences of Lovelace, Sir Harry Wildair, and other eighteenth-century notables, as a good equivalent for *lascivi suboles gregis*. It is a pity to substitute for Horace's active *flagrantis atrox hora Caniculae nescit tangere* the passive "'Gainst flaming Sirius' fury thou art proof"; while, in the last stanza, the inappropriate "umbrage deep" is an invention of the translator's, with no analogue in the Latin.

We may take next Gladstone's rendition of the ode. The Great Commoner's translation of Horace, it is fair to note, has already received a goodly share of unfavorable criticism; but it has also been highly praised, and may justly be considered one of the more prominent recent translations, to be reckoned with by any critic.

O fountain meet for flowers and wine,  
Bandusia, more than mirror bright,  
A kid to-morrow shall be thine  
Whose forehead augurs love's delight,  
And battle's, by the bursting horn;  
But vainly: ere the sun be high,  
His blood, although so wanton-born,  
Thy cooling streams with red shall dye.  
Thee never doth the Dog-star strike  
At fiercest: to plough-wearied ox  
Thy cool, refreshing touch alike  
Thou lendest, and to ranging flocks.  
Thee too with fame my muse shall bless,  
Still singing how the ilex bends  
O'er the deep-hollowed cave's recess,  
From whence thy babbling stream descends.

As before, time and space are lacking to comment in full on the inaccuracies of this translation, and we must content ourselves with glancing at a few of the more striking. The name of the spring, instead of occupying the prominent position which Horace gives it, is relegated to a sort of parenthesis in the second line. "ere the sun be high" of line six is entirely the translator's own, representing not even one word of the original. "His blood, although so wanton-born" does not seem, as it stands, to have any particular meaning; what Horace says is that the kid, *lascivi suboles gregis*, shall dye the stream with his blood. The idea of the Horatian *frigus amabile* is but poorly conveyed by "cool, refreshing touch". And, finally, it would be hard to find a more colorless, spirit-extracting paraphrase of *Fies nobilium tu . . . me dicente* than the

highly conventional "Thee too with fame my muse shall bless".

One other version I shall quote, on the strength of Oliver Wendell Holmes's saying of it and its fellows:

All Mr. Sargent's translations bear the same mark of fidelity to the original, and a happy transfusion of ancient thought, which can never grow old, into the modern phrases of another language.

O crystal Bandusia, fountain of ours,  
Worthy of sweet wine and not without flowers,  
On thine altar to-morrow  
A kid comes to sorrow.  
Buds of young horns on his forehead are swelling,  
Proudly of love and love's battles foretelling,  
But his hopes are all vain,  
Thee his red blood shall stain.  
No rage of the Dog-star thy freshness invades,  
Steers tired of the plough seek repose in thy shades,  
Straying flocks at thy brink  
Of the cold waters drink.  
Famed among fountains thou ever shalt be,  
While with oaks overhanging ennobled by me  
Thou shalt prattle and leap  
Down the rocks to the deep.

Besides the generally trivial tone of this rendition, there are many details which the unprejudiced reader can hardly regard as making for the vaunted fidelity to the original. "O crystal Bandusia, fountain of ours" can by no stretch of the imagination be considered to represent adequately *O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro*; Horace does not take either individual or collective possession of the spring. "On thine altar to-morrow a Kid comes to sorrow", aside from being faulty in English idiom (we say 'come to grief', but not, I think, 'come to sorrow'), is not the same thing as *cras donaberis haedo*. "Buds of young horns" is a rather ludicrous paraphrase of *cornibus primis*; while in the same stanza the translator entirely omits *lascivi suboles gregis* and *gelidos rivos*. The latter half of "Steers tired of the plough seek repose in thy shades" is without warrant; in fact, it is difficult to understand just what the shades of a spring would be. "the deep" of "Thou shalt prattle and leap Down the rocks to the deep" is pure invention; Horace has *saxis unde loquaces lymphae desiliunt tuae*.

Examples, both of translations and of odes, might be multiplied; but those cited will suffice to show that metrical translations of Horace do not faithfully give his meaning. Nor is it only in meaning that their shortcomings lie. We know—if we have not discovered it through our own inner grace, Matthew Arnold has told us—that a translation should be imbued with the characteristic quality or qualities of the original. Now, Horace's characteristic quality is not far to seek: Petronius found it out long ago, and, expressed in his language, it has become such a byword that one almost blushes to reiterate it. *Curiosa felicitas*—there it is, summed up for all time. But what of our verse translations? Glancing through them again, we find inappropriate adjectives, such as "gelid streams" (Conington

and Martin)<sup>4</sup>; and clumsy compound epithets, such as "plough-wearied ox" (Gladstone); and awkward placing of phrases, such as

His warm red blood, so early stirr'd,  
Thy gelid stream shall dye,  
Child of the wanton herd,

where "child of the wanton herd" seems to refer to the fountain, if to anything (Conington); or again,

While I the ilex sing  
Crowning the cavern,

where we cannot be sure whether Horace or the ilex crowns the cavern (Conington); or yet again (Martin),

O fountain of Bandusia's dell,  
Than crystal clearer, that of wine  
Art worthy

And, besides these, there are such strange expressions as the "fountain of ours" already commented upon (Sargent), and "While with oaks overhanging ennobled by me" (Sargent). We can hardly discover here any kind of felicity, curious or otherwise.

Even when the translations have no actual awkwardness, it is rarely that we come upon a really happy phrase, such as abounds in Horace, giving rise to Petronius's remark. In fact, it is the monotonous commonplaceness of most of the metrical renderings that constitutes perhaps their greatest drawback. Horace frequently writes of commonplace things, but never in a commonplace way.

mediocribus esse poetis  
non homines, non di, non concessere columnae,

is his own warning to aspirants to poetic fame. But his translators, it would seem, are unable to profit by this excellent maxim. No verse translation of the body of Horace's work that I have ever seen gives the reader the impression of a great, or even a notable, poet. More often than not, men who are themselves poets—Byron, for example—become dreadfully mediocre when they undertake a Horatian translation. There are, to be sure, isolated cases which are noteworthy exceptions to this rule: Dryden's rendition of Odes 3.29 has even been called better than Horace. Yet, after all, if we are going to read a poet, we want that poet, not something else, be it better or worse. If we are seeking for something better than Horace, there are Homer, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and a dozen others to whom we may turn.

It would seem, then, that for the person who must make his acquaintance with Horace through the medium of a translation one in prose is to be preferred. Not for a moment can we deny the obvious disadvantages; we must fain admit that verse is, as a rule, more pleasing to the ear than prose and therefore in that one respect more like Horace—that is, that, since Horace wrote in verse, verse, even if wholly different in constitution, is fundamentally more like his work than prose. This, I say, we must admit as a general rule, acknowl-

<sup>4</sup>Of course a literal rendering; but the connotation of the English adjective is not that of the Latin.

edging that the fact, already pointed out, that the verse translations are not, on the whole, particularly pleasing is due merely to their failure to live up to the ideal. Yet granting all this, we are only granting Shelley's "curse of Babel"—only saying what we know already, that the necessity for any kind of translation is to be deplored, that each kind has its peculiar faults. These faults cannot be overcome; but, since there will, it appears, always be a large number of people who must read Horace in translation if they read him at all, it comes to a choice between two evils. Now of these two evils, it seems to me, the lesser is to get what Horace says, as nearly in the words he says it as English idiom will permit, concrete where he is concrete, bald where he is bald, detailed where he is detailed; the greater, to get a faint shadow of what he says, oftentimes twisted and contracted and expanded almost out of recognition, albeit possessing a rhythm whose only likeness to Horace's rhythm is that it is more regular than the rhythm of prose. To follow out Shelley's figure, if we must cast our violet into a crucible, a person who has never seen a violet will get a better (though necessarily a very bad) idea of what one is like if it comes out without its color, a poor, pale ghost, yet having its shape, than if he looked into the crucible and saw nothing but a dash of purple. Browning tells us, "There is abundant musicality elsewhere, but nowhere else than in his poem the ideas of the poet".

Verse translations of Horace are by no means to be despised. They are good for the translator, in that they furnish him with amusement, occupation, distraction—what you will. They are good for the person who knows Horace, giving him the pleasure of observing and comparing new rehandlings of old material. They are sometimes (though rarely) good for the world, adding to its stock of true poetry. But they are not good for the person who cannot read Horace's own language, but who wants to find out what he is like. That is, they are not at present. Perhaps the perfect translator may yet arise, overcoming all obstacles by sheer force of genius and giving us a real English Horace. Till then—we read prose.

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### REVIEWS

Les civilisations préhelléniques dans le bassin de la Mer Égée. Deuxième édition revue et augmentée avec 325 gravures et 18 planches hors texte dont cinq en couleurs. By René Dussaud. Paris: Librairie Paul Geuthner (1914). Pp. X + 482. 24 Francs.

This new and greater edition of Dussaud's book is an interesting and valuable work. It is written in the fluent and charming style that one expects a French author to use in expounding any subject to which he has devoted his study. It is illustrated generously with well executed figures in the text and with numerous beautiful plates, of which five are colored reproduction of pottery and painting. Americans may justly find

cause for satisfaction in the fact that three of the five colored plates are representations of objects found by Mrs. Hawes and Mr. Seager in their respective excavations at Gournia and at Mochlos in Crete.

The scope of the work is the entire prehellenic occupation of the Aegean basin; its aim is to give a broad outline of the facts that have been learned of the phases of development of each of the early communities, followed by chapters discussing their interdependence and mutual relationships. The author begins with Crete as the home of the most important of the prehistoric civilizations and gives a brief statement of the Cretan discoveries. No new matter is here introduced, but the available material is familiar to the writer, who presents a good review of the situation. Further study of the Cretan civilization is much hindered by the delay of Sir Arthur Evans in publishing his proposed volumes on Knossos, which are now long overdue and in the absence of which the Knossian material is only fragmentarily accessible. Dussaud criticises with reason (12) the theory advanced by Evans of the baetylic nature of the pillars at Knossos marked with the sign of the double axe; but accepts without sufficient reason (27) Oelmann's fancied discovery of a megaron in an unexcavated house-complex at Gournia. At the end of the chapter, in the descriptive title of plate V, as well as in the index at the close of the book, some confusion has caused the attribution of a painted relief to Mochlos, although on page 66 it is correctly described as discovered by Mr. Seager in the island of Psira.

Successive chapters then treat of the prehellenic phenomena as revealed in the Cyclades, Troy and the Troad, Continental Greece, and Cyprus. The discussion is always sane and conservative. Yet, while nothing startling occurs in the book, there is everywhere in evidence independence of thought coupled with freshness of view. Emphasis is laid on the importance of the indications of early commercial relations among the scattered cities, as proved by the movement of tin and obsidian. So, subsection IV of Chapter II describes the commerce in obsidian, which came entirely from the island of Melos and yet is found to have been used everywhere in the Aegean basin; and on pages 252 ff. a statement of analyses of copper objects found in Cyprus is followed by a discussion of the question of the distribution of tin. Problems such as that involved in the Ithaca-Leucas controversy are mentioned casually but are not exhaustively presented. In this instance Dussaud simply states (174) that Dörpfeld's theory is untenable and gives references to works on the subject. The author is also in accord with general scholarly opinion in rejecting (192) Dörpfeld's attempt to implant a Mycenaean megaron on the remains of the second palace of Phaestus and Knossos. The nature of the work is, of necessity, eclectic because of the limitation of textual space occasioned by the great number of illustrations, but all subjects of more general interest seem to be discussed or, at least, mentioned. It will thus be evident that